It is estimated that 119,000,000 coption in the century since the United States began to coin money.

It is a fact of curious interest that twenty-four of the 6100 murderers ar-rested in the United States in 1890 cere blind men.

A queer new law in Chihuahua, Mex ico, permits any one to shoot at sight a person caught stealing cattle. Such a law seems like a dangerous invita-tion to the holders of private grudges.

The American mosquito has crossed the Atlantic, is entertaining itself to its heart's content on the blue blood of England, and, according to the New York Ledger, is getting in its sine work most effectively.

The religious census of Australia, just completed, shows 1,485,066 mem-bers of the Church of England, 84,118 Catholics, 493,369 Presbyterians and 394,564 Methodists. These are the four most numerous denominations.

A learned German who has devoted himself to the study of physiology and allied sciences makes a startling asser tion that mustaches are be commoner among women in the pres ent day than in the past. He say that in Constantinople among the un-veiled women one out of ten possesses an unmistakable covering of down on the upper lip.

Kerosene oil is rapidly growing in favor as a cheap illuminant in China. The consumption, which was 8,256,000 gallons in 1882, had risen to 49, 348,000 gallons in 1891. Of this amount eighty per cent. was imported from America and twenty per cent from Russia. The illuminant before kerosene was introduced was bean or tea oil. The Chinese have discovered however, that kerosene is cheaper and gives a much better light. It is called

It is mentioned as an instance what the fashionable world has come to that a recent private concert given in London cost the hostess \$12,500. According to this figure entertaining one's guests will soon be impossible and society must inaugurate some new method of keeping its end up in that line. First-class artists over there as a sums ranging from \$1000 to \$2500 for three or four songs, but, fortunately, the number of these artists is limited, and those who employ them are the painfully rich.

The Sergeant-at-Arms of the House of Commons would feel lost if he ha to exercise similar functions in one our American legislatures—say in Ka sas or even Illinois, declares the Chi-cago Herald. He is too easily upset. Mr. Erskine—for that is the gentle man's name—is described as going about during the recent friers "be-seeching infuriated legislators who were engaged in the fray to desist, and begging others who were marchin around with their hats on, to remov the offending headgear." Imagine a American Sergeant-at-Arms beggin and beseeching. He would use a clui

The series of official reports setting forth the material and educationa progress of the country, recently is sued by the Mexican Government though not marking so great an advance as expected, is still very encour aging. During the past twenty years the period covered by the comparisons the railway mileage has increase twentyfold, and the telegraph mileag eightfold, followed in each case by proportionate increase of business Exports and imports have largely in creased, as have also manufactures and agriculture, and the appropriations of the Federal and State Governments the Federal and State Governments and municipalities for educational purposes has advanced from \$1,600, ... 600 to \$3,500,000. Peace and prosperity have been secured, especially during the Presidency of General Diaz, who holds the reins of Government with a firm hand, and who is not secured. ment with a firm hand, and who is afraid to suppress the tendency the lack of esteem for productive in dustry on the part of the upper classes offices, imitating in this respect the Argentines, and the absence of trained habits of industry on the part of the Indian and mixed races, which constitute four-fifths of the population. What is most needed is industrious immigrants to develop the vast natur resources of the Republic, a fastel ly perceived by the Government, w has already permitted the ment of Mormon colonies in Chillen hua and Sonora, and bid for in tion from northern Europe.

SONG OF A HEART.

Dear heart—I love you! all the day I wonder
If skies are rich with blue,
Or bending black with tempest and with

thunder, Dear heart, dear heart, o'er you! Dear heart-I love you! when pale stars ar

gleaming
(Sad stars to me, and few!)
wonder if God's lovelier lights are

ing, Dear heart, dear heart, o'er you! ear heart-if life had only one bright blo

som, One rose to meet the dewkiss it, climbing to your restful bosom
And wear its thoras for you!

-Atlanta Constitution.

OLD ROSES' ROMANCE.



country, and Wadshriveled with heat, but he al-ways had roses in his garden, on his window-sill or in his button-hole. Growing flowers under difficulties

was his recreation.
That was why he as called Old Roses. It was not otherwise inapt, for there was something antique about him, though he wasn't old; a flavor, an old-fashioned repose and self-possession. He was inspector of tanks from this God-forsaken coun-

ry. Apart from his duties he kept mostby to himself, though when not traveling he always went down to O'Fallen's
Hotel once a day for a cup of tea—tea
kept especially for him; and as he
drank this slowly he talked to Vic, the parmaid, or to any chance visitors whom he knew. He never drank with any one, nor asked any one to drink, und, strange to say, no one resented this. As Vic said, "he was different." Dicky Merritt, the solicitor, who was justified by with senators, heavests.

this. As Vie said, "he was different." Dicky Merritt, the solicitor, who was haif-fellow with squarter, homestead lessee, eccatoo-farmer and shearer, called him "a lively old buffer."

It was he, indeed, who gave him the name of Old Roses. Dickey sometimes went over to Long Neek Billabong, where Old Roses lived, for a reel, as he put it, and he always carried away a deep impression of the Inspector's qualities. "Had his day," said Dickey in O'Falleri's sitting-room one night, "in marble halls, or Um a Jack. Run meek and neck with almighty swells once. Might live here for a thousand years and he'd still be the nonesuch of the back blocks. I'd patent him—file my caveat for him to-morrow if I could —bully Old Roses!"

Victoria Dowling, the barmaid, lifted her chin slightly from her hands, as she leaned through the opening between the bar and the sitting-room, and said: "Mr. Merritt, Old Roses is a gentleman, and a gentleman is a gentleman in he—"

"Till he humps his bluey into the Never Never Land, Vie? But what do you know about gentlemen, anyway? You were born five miles from the Jumping Sandhills, my dear!"

"Oh," was the quiet reply, "a woman—the commonest woman—knows a gentleman hy instinct. It isn't what they do, it's what they do, it's what they don't do; and Old Roses doesn't do lots of things."

"Right you are, Victoria; right you are again! You do the Jumping Sandhills credit. Old Roses has the root of the matter in him—and there you have it? She had brains, was perfect.

have it!"
Dickey had a profound admiration
for Vic. She had brains, was perfectly fearless, and every one in the
Wadgery country who visited O'Fallen's had a wholesome respect for her

len's had a wholesome respect for her opinion.

About this time news came that the Governor, Lord Malice, would pass through Wadgery on his tour up the back blocks. A great function was necessary. It was arranged. Then came the question of the address of welcome to be delivered at the banquet. Dickey Merritt and the local doctor were proposed as composers, but they both declared they'd only 'make rot of it," and suggested Old Roses.

out seeing him. He was sitting under a willow at the Billabong, reading over and over to himself the address to be delivered before the Governor in the evening. And as he read his face had a wintry and inhospitable look. The night came. Old Roses entered the dining room quietly with the crowd, far in the Governor's wake. According to his request, he was given a seat in a distant corner, where he was quite inconspicuous. Most of the men present were in evening dress.

was quite inconspicuous. Most of the imen present were in evening dress. He wore a plain tweed suit, but carried a handsome rose in his button-hole. It was impossible to put him at a disadvantage. He looked distinguished as he was. He appeared to be much interested in Lord Malice. The early proceedings were cordial, for the Governor and his suite made themselves most agreeable, and talk flowed amiably.

After a time there was a rattle of knives and forks, and the Chairman arose. Then, after a chorus of "hear, hears," there was general silence. The doorways of the rooms were filled by the women servants of the hotel. Chief among them was Vic, who kept her eyes mostly on Old Roses. She knew that he was to read the address and speak, and she was more interested in him and his success than in Lord Malice and suite. Her admiration of him was great. He had always treated her as a lady, and it had done her good. He had looked carnestly and kindly into her brown eyes, and—

"And I call upon Mr. Adam Sherwood to speak to the health of his Excellency, Lord Malice."

In his modest corner, Old Roses stretched to his feet. The Governor glanced over carclessly. He only saw a figure in gray, with a rose atbutton of hole. The Chairman whispered that it was the owner of the house and garden which had interested his Excellency hole. The Chairman whispered that it was the owner of the house and garden which had interested his Excellency hole. The Chairman whispered that it was the owner of the house and garden which had interested his Excellency hole. The Chairman whispered that it was the owner of the house and garden which had interested his Excellency hole. The condition of the hole of the face and at the iron gray hair. Then a voice came from behind the paper: "Your Excellency, Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen—"

At the first words the Governor started, and his eyes flashed searching lay, curiously at the paper that walled the face and at the iron gray hair. Then a voice came from behind the the paper at an angle. Her eyes ras for

concerned. She also noticed other things.

The address was strange. It had been submitted to the committee and though it struck them as out-of-the-wayish, it had been approved. It seemed different when read as Old seemed different when read as On-Roses was reading it. The words sounded so inclement as they were chiselled out by the speaker's voice. Dickey Merrit afterward declared that

chiselled out by the speaker's voice. Dickey Merrit afterward declared that many phrases were interpolated by 10 Old Rossa at the moment.

The speaker referred intimately and with peculiar knowledge to the family history of Lord Malice, to certain more or less private matters which did not concern the public, to the authority of the name and the high duty devolving upon one who bors the early dome of Malice. He dwelt upon the personal character of his Excellency's antecedents, and praised their honorable services to the country. He referred to the death of Lord Malice's idless therefore the did it strangely.

Then, with acute incisiveness, he draw a picture of what a person in so exalted a position as a Governor should be and should not be. His voice assuredly had at this point a fine tedge of scorn. The aides-de-camp were nervous, the Chairman apprehensive, the committee ill at ease. But the Governor now was perfectly still, though, as Vic Dowling thought, tather pinched and old-looking. His eyes never wandered from that paper nor the gray hair.

Presently the voice of the speaker changed.

"But," said he, "in Lord Malice we will the speaker changed.

Old Roses stole out, but as he passed through the door where Vic stood his hand brushed against hers. Feeling its touch, he grasped it eagerly for an instant, as though he was glad of the friendliness in her eyes.

It was just before dawn of the morning that the Governor knocked at the door of the house by Long Neck Billaboug. The door opened at once, and he entered without a word.

He and Old Roses stood face to face. His face was drawn and worn, the other's cold and calm.

"Tom, Tom," Lord Malice said, "we thought you were dead—"

"That is, Edward, having left me to my fate in Burmth—you were only half a mile away with a column of stout soldiers and hillmen—you waited till my death was reported, and assured, and then came on to England; for two things, to take the title just made vacant by our father's death, and to marry my intended wife, who, God knows, appeared to have little care which brother it was. You got both. I was long a prisoner. When I got free, I knew; I waited. I was waiting till you had a child. Twelve years have gone; you have no child. But I shall spare you yet awhile. If your wife shall die, or you should have a child, I shall return."

The Governor lifted his head wearily from the table where he now sat. "Tom," he said, in a low, heavy voice, "I was always something of a scoundrel, but I've repented of that thing every day of my life since. It has been knives—knives all the way. I am glad—I can't tell you how glad—that you are alive."

He stretched out his hand with a motion of creat relief. "I was afrall

the every day of my life since. It has been knives—knives all the way. I am glad—I can't tell you how glad—y that you are alive."

He stretched out his hand with a motion of great relief. "I was afrald you were going to speak to-night—to tell all, even though I was your brother. You spare me for the sake—"

"For the sake of our name," the other interjected, stonily.

"For the sake of our name. But I would have taken my punishment, taken it in thankfulness, because you are alive."

"Tout the sake of our name. But I would have taken my punishment, taken it in thankfulness, because you are alive."

"Tou will not wipe the thing out, Tom?" said the other anxiously.

"Tom Hallwood dried the perspiration from his forchead.

"It can never be wiped out, for you shook all my faith in my old world. That's the worst thing that can happen a man. I only believe in the very temmon people now—those who are not put upon their honor. One to doesn't expect it of them, and unlikely as it is, one isn't often deceived in them. I think we'd better talk no more about it."

"You mean I had better go, Tom?"

"I think so. I am going to marry soon." The other started nervously, a "You needn't be so shocked. I'll come back one day, but not till your wife dies, or you have had a child, as I said."

The Governor rose to his feet and went to the door. "Whom do you in."

The Governor rose to his feet and

said."

The Governor rose to his feet and went to the door. "Whom do you intend marrying?" he asked, in a voice far from regal or vice-regal, only humbled and disturbed. The reply was instant and keen. "A barmaid."

The other's hand dropped from the door. But Old Roses, passing over, opened it, and, mutely waiting for the other to pass through, said: "Good day, my lord!"

The Governor passed out from the pale light of the lamp into the gray and moist morning. He turned at a point where the house would be lost to view, and saw the other still standing there. The voice of Old Roses kept ringing in his ears surdonically. He knew that his punishment must go on and on.

And it did. Old Roses married Victoria Dowling from the Jumping Sandhills, and there was comely issue, and that issue is now at Eton; for Esau came into the birthright, as he hinted he would, at his own time. But he and his wife have a way of being indifferent to the gay, astonished world. And, uncommon as it may seem, he has not tired of her.—London Speaker.

dector were proposed as composes, but they both declared they'd only "anke rot of it," and suggested Old. Roses.

They went to lay the thing before him. They found him in his garden. He greeted them smiling in his enign matical way, and listened. While Dickey spoke, a flush slowly passed over him, and then immediately left him pale; but he stood perfectly still, and the immediately left him pale; but he stood perfectly still, and the immediately left him pale; but he stood perfectly still, and the immediately left him pale; but he stood perfectly still, and the immediately left him pale; but he stood perfectly still, and the immediately left him pale; but he stood perfectly still, and the season of the perfect flowernor; and not put they did not see anything the listened, they did not see anything the listened, they did not see anything the listened, but he would be deliberation, he answered them that he did not meed it; and his eyes intently upon the other; which was the history of the still him pale; and his look of more all the same information about Lord Malice's past career and his family's history, the least he should be supposed to him the second the him the beautiful the same information about Lord Malice's past career and his family's history, the still his room, a handful of letters, a photograph, and a couple of decoration and his look on a gased with a very far horizon.

The devenor cane. He was met of server and his family's history and content of the pase Lord Malice's past career to the same of the stones, and sent the blooming, and on the original way and material the still him the special was a photograph, and a couple of decoration and the second the same part of the pase Lord Malice's past the still him the special was a photograph, and a couple of decoration and the second him the seco

the writer was residing at the place where it occurred.

The ship's cook of one of the local coasting steamers happened to be a pronounced sufferer from the disease, and, as but too commonly happens in such cases, was continually victimized by his shipmates. As a rule the effects were simply ludicrous, and hugely amused the crew, who shared the fonding European sailors. On the occasion in guestion the cook was dandling his baby on the forward deck. One of the men, noticing this, picked up a billet of wood, and, standing in front of the latah, commenced nursing it in the latah. Commenced nursing it in the latah, commenced horse, in the billet up to the awning, the cook imittating his motions with the baby. Suddenly the sailor opened his arms and the billet fell to the deck. The unfortunate latah did the same, and the child, falling on the planking, was instantly killed.

The second form of latah mentioned above, in which intense nervous exitement is caused by the mention of some particular word, is scarcely less curious to onlookers than that already it lilustrated. The patient in this case will exhibit uncontrollable fear, evinced as will exhibit uncontrolla

THE IMITATIVE DISEASE,

A CURIOUS AFFILICTION THAT IS
COMMON AMONG MALAYS.

A Form of Nervous Excitement Peculiar to a Single Race—Symptoms of the "Latah."

T. T. selder beavers that any form

asleep. Wandall backed his steed, swing the rope, and let go at the monster, hitting it upon the head, where upon the reptile rolled down into a deep gully at the bottom of the mountain, where the chase ended.—San Jose (Cal.) Record.

THE WIND'S STORY.

I am sure that the wind is speaking,
For each flower is nodding its head,
And the limbs of the trees are creaking
I wish that I knew what it said.
Some story, perhaps, it is telling,
A story of some distant land,
But to me it is like the swelling
Of breakers upon the white sand.

The leaves wait a moment to listen, Then shake with a perfect delight,
All the flowers like diamonds glisten
And nod first to left, then to right.

And nod first to left, then to right.
The wind passes on in its measure,
And long ere the story is through
The forest is dancing with pleasure—
I wish I could understand, too.
—Flavel Scott Mines, in Frank Leslie's.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The general run of men—After the ast street car.—Philadelphia Record. The man who falls in love very often lislocates his common sense.—Puck.
To make bills is human; to pay them—these days—is divine.—Pittsburg

Forged notes can always be properly

-these days—is divine. Bulletin.

Forged notes can always be properly classed among the gilt-edged paper on a bank.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

The most popular bird of passage arriving at the port of New York this month is the gold eagle.—Baltimore American.

"That," said the man who smote a calamity howler. "is one of the best

"That," said the man who smote a calamity howler, "is one of the best financial strokes I ever made."—Wash-ington Star. ington Star.

The photograph of a boy never looks ike him, because no one ever saw a boy as clean as he is in a photograph.

—Atchison Globe.

The clerk who attempts to live beyond his means will soon be obliged to live beyond the reach of his friends.—New Orleans Picayune.

New Orleans Picayune.

"What sort of a girl is she?" "Oh, she is a miss with a mission." "Ah?"

"And her mission is seeking a man with a mansion."—Sketch.

Occasionally you will meet a man who seems to think just as you do. What elever ideas he has, and what a pity he is so scarce.—Blizzard.

Jack the Clipper has been arrested in New York. The girls whose tresses he cut will be present at his trial to upbraid him.—Galveston News.

Customer—"Op. vol. suppose "ou

Customer—"Do you suppose "ou can take a good picture of me?" Photographer—"I shall have to arswer you in the negative, sir."—Vogue.

Unmixed evils rarely occur. The control of the contro

Unmixed evils rarely occur. The fact that money has been tight is zaid to have resulted in a good deal of sober thought.—Baltimore American.

It is not true that "every man His price has," as they say— I know of one, an honest man, Who gives himself away.

-Vogue

A man never looks so helpless and insignificant as when standing around a dry goods store waiting for his wife to get through trading. — Lowell Courier.

It is very hard to explain the attrac-tions of country life to a city man who has just investigated the voltage of a black-faced bumble-bee. — Baltimore American.

American.

"And you are poor?" "Yes, but we are happy." "Happy in your poverty?" "Yes, for every one around us is poorer than ourselves."—New York Press.

Miss Antique—"How mean these proportions." Here is a column

newspapers are! Here is a column headed 'Proposals,' and it is all about public improvements and such non-sense."—The Club.

Mrs. Skidmore (reading) - "Ph'lippa Fawcett, who won such great distinction as senior wrangler at Oxford, is still unmarried." Mr. Skidmore- "No wonder." - Detroit Free Press.

"No wonder."—Detroit Free Fress.
Watts—"I can't see what reason
you have for comparing old man
Gotrox to a sausage." Potts—"Because his stuff is all that makes him of
any consequence."—Indianapolis Journal.

Gaswell—"Tm disgusted with young Mr. Van Brasm." Dukane—"Why?"
"He does nothing but flirt with the girls." "Then you don't like to see a man's efforts all miss directed."—Pittsburg Chroniele-Telegraph.

"Can't you settle this bill to-day, sir?" asked the tailor of the delinquent M. P. "No, Snip, it wouldn't be perliamentary. I've merely glanced over it, you know, and I can't pass a bill until after its third reading."—Tid-Bits.

He blushed a fiery red; her heart He blushed a hery red; her heart went pit-a-pat; she gently hung her head, and looked down on the mat. He trembled in his spech; he rose from where he sat, and shouted with a screech, "You're sitting on my hat!"—Tid-Bits.

'Yes, they told than no bread.' Brook-lyn Life.

"Men are not to be trusted," she re-"Men are not to betrusted," she remarked to her younger and more successful friend. "Oh, my dear," said her friend, sweetly, "has it taken all these years to teach you that?" The silence that followed couldn't be broken with a sledgehammer.—Detroit Free Press.

A wayne lawrer talked four houng

troit Free Press.

A young lawyer talked four hours to a Indiana jury who felt like lynching him. His opponent, a grizzled old professional, arose, looked sweetly at the Judge, and said: "Your honor, I will follow the example of my young friend, who has just finished, and submit the case without argument." Then he sat down, and the silence was large and oppressive.—Christian at Work.

There are now seventy lines of ocean mail steamers. In 1888 there were 407,437 steam vessels on the high seas,

mail steamers. In 1888 there were 107,137 steam vessels on the high seas.